

If there's one now who thinks he's toasted too much,
Or one left untoasted, I say to both such,
It was through inadvertence, but never you mind,
Equal justice each one in the future will find.

In that land where no scapegoat, such as the word
I've just used (inadvertence) ever is heard,
In that land where no one, howe'er obscure,
Is ever o'erlooked, you'll be toasted, it's sure.

And there's scarcely a chance you'll get too much toast on,
For their skill in that line is all that they boast on.
I would fain have extolled each one to the sky,
But am telling the truth and must wait till he die;
For when one is dead, both his friends and his foes
Wish the poor devil luck wherever he goes.

When he's minus a virtue, we say he was plus,
Vice versa his faults, and we make a big fuss,
Eulogize and resolve: Whereas, God has seen fit
To do what He has, that it don't suit a bit,
That the hole that is left by our brother's demise
Is so vast that to fill it time will not suffice.